To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth, My residence in Rome at one Philario's ; Who to my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter : thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall[5].

Re-enter Queen.

QUEEN. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him

[Aside

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends[6];
Pays dear for my offences.

[Exit.

POST. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

IMO. Nay, stay a little : Were you but riding forth to air yourself, Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart; But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead.

POST. How! how! another?—

5 Though ink be made of GALL.] Shakspeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* used in ink, with theanimalg#/£, supposed to be bitter. JOHNSON.

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal galls* with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, " Take of the black juice.of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEEVENS.

6—he d$_{oes}$ buy my injuries, to be friends ;] He gives me a valuable consideration in new kindness (purchasing, as it were, the wrong I have done him,) in order to renew our amity, and make us friends again. MALONE.